Pigminted

I don't know why, but I'm always late to funerals....

...and when I get there...

...I don't know what to do.

People are always crying....
I miss him so much.

....or are angry.

I could have done something!

But no one is ever laughing.

Which sucks because my self defense mechanism is to tell jokes but apparently :
A funeral isn't the place for jokes!

So I just stand there quietly
and let my mind wonder.

Which leads to my mind...

...coming up with stupid jokes...
POOF!

..... that make me smile.

Then I start to think: I shouldn't be smiling. People might think I'm glad he died.

So I have to force myself not to smile and end up having a weird look on my face.

But I don't know....Maybe I'll figure it out one day.
He's gone.....
It's going to be alright.

You know you can always cry on my shoulder.

But like....not for much longer.
WHY!

I...don't know how to tell you this...

...but..

My jacket isn't waterproof.